



THE WESLEYAN



Literary Publication of the World's Oldest Woman's College

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A strong wall of prejudice is being built today. Built by race against race; nation against nation; man against man. The stones are fear, hatred, and bitterness. The builders—you and I.

Of what use are our science, education, and religion if they are not strong enough to break down that wall—if they can not even prevent its being built?

Must we return to feudal days when a man's safety was in the height of his wall and the width of the moat around his castle?

Let our safety lie not in walls of prejudice, but in tolerance!



Feather In His Cap

MARY LEILA GARDNER



CROSS the card was written in Uncle Tim's scrawl: **Least Bittern (*Ixobrychus exilis*)**. William scowled at the placard on the cage in front of him. The faint gold lettering read: **Least Bittern (*Ixobrychus exilis*)**. William sighed. There was practically nothing about this business that he understood. Uncle Tim, who edited a small magazine called the **Natural World**, had telephoned him this morning. Could William do a sketch of a bird for him—a certain kind of bird? He would send the name over with specifications for the sketch. William was to find the bird at the aviary. And there was something else Uncle Tim had said . . . something about being careful. Snatches of his uncle's warning echoed in his ear. "I hate to do this to you, William. But I've just got to have this bird. They say his beak is deadly. And, William, don't look at his eyes. They're red." They certainly were. Moreover his long spidery legs were red—a dull red. William examined the occupant of the cage with care. He was a small marsh bird about a foot in length. His beak was long and spear-like in its sharpness. William regarded with distaste his brownish stripes and the spots that looked like a bad case of freckles. Why, of all birds, had Uncle Tim assigned him this one? The graceful flamingo or the cranes farther down the row would have made a much better picture.

William settled on a stool and opened his sketch book. He looked at the bittern. The bird stood on one foot, hunched over a pile of dried reeds. His red eyes were fixed on William with unblinking steadiness. The black and yellow bill that seemed to be a continuation of those eyes pointed directly toward him.

William tossed cracker crumbs into the cage. The bird did not move. William whistled; he rattled the

bars; he gesticulated threateningly and coaxingly, but the least bittern would not pose.

Suddenly his head shot forward, surprising William by the length of his neck. The wide-spreading toes took a few clumsy steps. The bill opened and snapped shut successively as he swallowed huge beakfuls of air. With an awkward movement of his now enlarged neck, the air erupted in explosive sound—a thunderous boom and then a ringing like the stroke of a hammer.

William gasped and shut his notebook hastily. He got up and walked a few steps away to the cage of the herons. His ears were still tingling. Suddenly he remembered what Uncle Tim had said. When a child William had been in the bird house at the zoo once when an angry macaw had escaped from her cage. He could see her now—red and green fury squawking and flapping over him. He supposed that she had flown down and pecked his ear. He wasn't sure. He must have been too young to remember the incident. But the fear unforgotten had persisted in his subconscious mind through all the years. Fear of birds—ornithophobia.

This was silly. It was nonsense. Of course he wasn't afraid of birds. William came back to the cage of the least bittern. The latter was walking about slowly, lifting his feet gingerly and rocking his neck with each step. It occurred to William that a stuffed bird would make a better model.

That afternoon William rode a creaky elevator up to the third floor of the museum of natural history, and set to work in front of a table on which stood mounted a least bittern. There was something ungainly about the pose of the bird. His flat head seemed to be half beak. The glassy eyes bore an inane expression and the neck was extended—William thought glumly to himself—as if he expected someone to wring it for him.

Behind this table was another planted in a miniature forest where dozens of stuffed birds perched on twigs or hung suspended in the air. There was a glass case containing a solitary owl and others filled with tiny tropical birds and flowers.

William worked on in a silence broken only by the occasional scratching of a leaf against the window. The electric light under which he sat blinded him to the slowly falling shadows of night. He had touched up the last line and leaned back to survey his work—when suddenly the light blinked and went out. He was in total darkness.

William's first thought was to strike a match and make his way to the elevator. As he fumbled in his pockets he remembered that his wife had taken his last box of matches that morning to light the gas stove. So he set out resolutely toward the elevator, feeling his way in the dark.

One of his outstretched hands touched something round and cold and smooth. "Glass eyes," he muttered to himself, quickly withdrawing his hand. He made a wide circuitous route around the table and walked squarely into the glass case on the end of the adjoining table. It fell to the floor with the crash of breaking glass and a thud of something soft—feathers! For a moment William stood frozen to the spot. Then to avoid stepping on the owl—he was sure it was the owl—he re-circled the length of the table, following the edge of its top with his finger.

By now his eyes, growing accustomed to the dark, could discern dim outlines. Beyond him a hawk suspended from the ceiling on a wire, its wings outspread, swayed a little. The downy, silver-gray feathers that were the underlining of its wings glistened above him. William moved on cautiously.

After an eternity, it seemed, he
(Continued on page 12)

Spirit of the Speeding Car

ANDE DAVIS

Machine—

*Fashioned impersonally
by grimy hands slick with the sweat of hard labor;
Ejected periodically from the maw of a
smoke-belching factory;*

*Composed of the produce of the world—
Milky rubber from the trees of Brazil,
Snowy wool from the soft fleece of the
wild goats of the snow-topped Andes,
Gleaming steel smelted from the red iron
bowels of the earth,
Paper—tough as the chewed-up trees, its origin,
Glass burned into clearness from the scorching
sands of the wind-swept desert.*

*Built by diagram, blue print;
Molded with its cosmopolitan parts into a
monster of efficiency—*

*Shining, sleek, somber-hued,
With sparkling chromium,
Copper accents,
Searching, piercing lights,
Blaring, monotoned horn—*

This is an automobile.

*Cold, inanimate object—
Still, lifeless, dark, grim.*

*Fed by oil, the black gold of the earth;
Inspired to purr, hum, throb with potential
power—*

*Energy like that of forty straining, sweating,
chain-bound horses;
Released into leaping action by a movement of
cogs;*

*Roaring along a strip of road with the speed of a
whirling tornado;*

*Going faster, faster,
Wheels turning,
Sparks exploding,
Heat and power expanding into motion . . .
Speed—*

*Ever faster,
Rushing, hurrying on,
On without stop,
Pause.*

*Restless,
Shooting like a hurled javelin into darkness—
The unknown penetrated only by its burning
eyes of light—*

*A roaring beast leaping after prey;
Travelling in the night,
Pulsating, throbbing,
Going faster, swifter, faster,
On . . . on—*

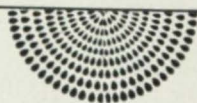
This is an automobile.

*Landscape swimming by—
Trees, vague and blurred,
Scenery a gray-green smear;
Flashes of humanity, habitation,
Glimpses of life, joy, tragedy,
Drama and trivialities;*

*Hazy views of minute ponds;
Misty sights of sweeping lakes—*

*"Rivers like silver ribbons entwined in the hair
of night"—*

*Horizontal lines stretching to eye's end.
Impersonal, detached,
Rushing along swiftly—
This is an automobile.*



The Servants At Wesleyan

BASCOM KNIGHT



A healf am in a state ob dis-tication mos' compoun' profic. Hit am mos' superfloous, seeforendum, mos' in-frishus ump de way ob speaking, ma'am. Hit am in a political state, thankee ma'am."

These are the words of Uncle Johnson, for fifty long years one of Wesleyan's faithful and loyal servants. This was his own unique way of saying "I'se feelin' thankful, missis," in reply to the "How are you this morning?" that Wesleyannes called to him for so many years between French and speech classes.

Uncle Johnson is only one of the large number of loyal colored servants that have served Wesleyan from slavery time down to the present day. Surely no institution ever had a more faithful following. Many of them have been delightfully interesting and original characters. Let us go back through the years and become acquainted with some of them.

It is uncertain as to whether or not the college ever really owned slaves. We do know, however, that during slavery time servants were often borrowed. There is recorded in a very early paper an advertisement stating that if any gentleman had a hand to lend to Wesleyan to please send him or her to the college immediately.

Some of the basement rooms at the Conservatory are said to have been the rooms of the slaves who served Wesleyan. In very early times there were cabins erected on the back campus for them.

Aunt Cindy's cabin out in the backyard of the college was literally a fore-runner of the "Pharm." Here this old Negress sold to our grandmothers apples, "goobers," and syrup candy — early equivalents of "dopes" and cheese crackers.

Aunt Cindy was a well known character in the college for many years. She was a ginger-cake color and spoke in a deep chuckling voice.

One of her duties was to go around at night after the lights were turned off from the central switch and remind each girl to turn off the light in her room in case the central switch was turned on again. Another was to go about in the morning waking the

her to carry a buttered biscuit to an absent friend on Sunday night, for she was an object of suspicion from then on in the eyes of Uncle William.

"One-eyed Joe," was an interesting individual. He could see better than most folks with two eyes, and his favorite pastime on Sunday afternoons was to stand behind the shrubbery on the front lawn, and focus the beam of that one wonderful eye on passing Mercer boys and Wesleyan windows. (The students of both colleges were seldom at closer range in those days).

And there was Gus who was the premier of the kitchen cabinet. He was a connoisseur of large and imposing words. Gus it was who on one of the "turkey days" leaned over the dignified speech teacher, then the elocution teacher, and in a most confidential tone asked, "May I inhabit you with some turkey, missis?" And the amused dignified teacher without the quiver of an eyelid replied, "You may."

Another "auntie" at the Conservatory was Aunt Charity, who served her turn behind the counter trying to appease the appetites of starving Wesleyannes, and at the same time, managing to keep them bankrupt for small change. I don't believe that the word **grafter** had been coined in those days: perhaps it came in with Aunt Charity. Poor old soul. I trust the Recording Angel has not charged her up with all of the moth-eaten "goobers" and worm-eaten apples that she passed out to the hungry girls.

Some of the servants remained at the college for twenty years and more. Among them were those who considered themselves confidential advisers to the faculty; the more irreverent accused them of being regular attendants at the meetings of that august body.

Coming down through the years we find that during the summer months just before the eighty-ninth



Drawing by Friendly Wells

girls, or "knocking up the halls" as Aunt Cindy called it. A self-appointed task of hers was to report every misdemeanor she saw—and Aunt Cindy saw a great deal. "Do Dr. Bass know 'bout dat?" She would ask. "Den I's sholy gonna lead him to de light."

Dr. Bass, one of the earliest presidents, had another true follower among the servants called Uncle William. He was, indeed, a "factotum" and a dignified sanctimonious individual, whose whole attention at meal times seemed concentrated on supplying the wants of Dr. Bass's circle. But woe unto the young woman whose sympathetic heart prompted

college year, Wesleyan lost one of her traditions—Uncle Johnson. His unique salutation is the one I quoted at the beginning of this article.

Uncle Johnson's goodness was well-known about the campus and his fifty years of faithfulness to Wesleyan and life time of devotion to "de Marster" were as much a part of the college atmosphere at the Conservatory as the crow's nest and the Wesleyan bell.

Uncle Johnson came to Wesleyan when there was only the main building standing and a big brick wall surrounding it and the campus. He saw the annex building put up during the regime of Dr. Roberts. He watched the erection of the chapel building made under the guidance of Judge Guerrey. He was there when Dr. Ainsworth built the Georgia Building and tore down the old wall and put up the iron fence in its place.

Uncle Johnson brought Wesleyan girls mail, deposited money in the bank for the bursars, and did hundreds of other important jobs when Mrs. Alice Culler Cobb was the lady principal long ago. It was on one of his numerous trips to the bank that he acquired his unusual vocabulary. It seems it was taught him by the boys at the bank.

He knew many of the secrets of the college—its ups and downs, and joys and sorrows—but he never discussed them with an outsider. Once he said: "Folks out in town ask me 'bout what goes on at de cawledge, and I tells 'em I sees and I don't see. I lives up to the cawledge but I jes' don't know nothin', jes' don't know nothin'."

So the secrets of Wesleyan Uncle Johnson carried to the grave with him—and the love of devoted alumnae scattered throughout the world. The **Telegraph** carried an account of Uncle Johnson's funeral written by Willie Snow Ethridge. The following are parts from Miss Ethridge's write up:

"The bent and withered old body of 'Uncle' Johnson who had served Wesleyan for more than 50 years, was lowered into its grave yesterday afternoon with hundreds of his white and black friends looking on with tear dimmed eyes. The body was in a black plush coffin with silver han-



UNCLE JOHNSON

COLLEGE GARDENER

Just there, above the shrubs, we used to see

His tattered coat, his wooly, greying head,

And hear beneath the windows frequently

Old Johnson shuffling toward a lily bed.

His courtly bows, his humbly gentle way,

His equal loves for God and "Marster Jim",

Recalled an almost legendary day,

The Old South lived for my young eyes, through him.

His eighty peaceful years beneath these towers

Made all our frenzied, student haste seem vain,

And when at last he ceased to tend the flowers

Four college presidents walked in his train.

He taught us, more than any printed page,

The poise of faith, the dignity of age.

—Eunice Thomson

(Reprinted from Ave Maria, published in Notre Dame, Indiana)

dles, the finest his alma mater could buy. And on the silver name plate were only the two words 'Uncle Johnson' — the named revered and loved by approximately 10,000 Wesleyan girls.

"Dr. Quillian spoke with deep emotion of the college's great loss.

" 'I have come' he began, 'to drop a flower on the bier of an honest saint of God'."

At Wesleyan today there are men and women serving the college that are just as inspiring and interesting as those of years past. These men and women are as essential to the college as the students and faculty.

Fast becoming a tradition on the campus is George, who for ten years has been janitor of the Candler Memorial Library. He is a patriarch of his race and for thirty-six years a deacon in his church, the Primitive Baptist. Each Christmas at the servants' Christmas tree George and President Anderson are the outstanding speakers. Perhaps the speech George made in October on his own volition at a meeting he called of the campus help is one that deserves the most credit. George discussed the financial state of the school with the servants by asking them to put in a "chunk to help out the lead mule."

In response to George's plea each of his hearers donated a part of his weekly pay envelope.

Dear to every heart on the campus is Israel. In a sense he is a descendant of Uncle Johnson, with his "How are you today, little lady? Are you happy? Well, don't let the bear get you."

Lollie, caretaker of the gymnasium, will brighten on the dullest day if you ask her about Friendly Wells, her son. He has a decided talent for drawing and has sketched many Wesleyanians.

Surely no institution has ever had more loyal, more worthwhile, more original, and more interesting colored servants from its beginning to the present time. Cannot the philosophy of these people be summed up in these lines?

"Life is a mirror of king and slave,

The best that you are and do;

So give to the world the best that you have

And the best will come back to you."

Applied Psychology

CAROL JONES



AMANDA WARY. The signature spread in shocking boldness across the lower half of the resignation blank. "There!" Miss Amanda said resolutely, brushing her thin hands together for emphasis. It was as if she had just signed a Bill of Rights for herself! She slid the paper into an envelope and sealed it quickly before Sister Agatha could see it. Why, how foolish! There wasn't any Sister Agatha now. She was safely dead and properly buried in a dignified gray vault. And so Miss Amanda needn't hurry; she could do just as she pleased.

She took down her brown hat, cocked it at a daring angle over her eye, and peeped shyly into the mirror. Well, it would have to do until she could get to a hat shop. There she would buy—(yes, she would, too!)—a red hat! "With feathers in it," she added aloud, her faded gray eyes alive with excitement.

She paused at the book-case, took a dozen volumes from its shelves, and dumped them on the hearth. **General Psychology, Experimental Psychology, Studies in Abnormal Psychology**—they lay there in an undignified heap, the fallen angels of knowledge. Miss Amanda made a face at them. "Now you won't trouble me any more!" she said spitefully. "I've been analyzing other people's emotions for so long that I haven't any of my own."

She was exaggerating a little, she knew. She really had been rather fond of Professor Montgomery—a sort of "suppressed emotion," she supposed. That was the only reason she hesitated about leaving Partisan College. The professor might not find another teacher who would remind when he had a four o'clock class, or bring him his pink pills twice a day.

But then . . . "The professor doesn't know I exist," she thought bitter-

ly, "or if he does, he forgets to think about it. And besides I've got my own life to live! I'm going to have some excitement at last!"

She opened her pocket-book, took out a newspaper clipping, and read its announcement, "Women Admitted to Police Force." It was from the **Carrington Messenger**, and Carrington was only thirty miles away. Here was excitement awaiting all who were bold enough to seize upon it!

"I'll do it!" Miss Amanda said grimly. "I'll show the world that there **are** courageous women!"

It was not until she had finished an examination, physical and mental, and was accepted as a regular police-woman, that Miss Amanda grew apprehensive. She stood in the outer office of the police station and looked about timidly. A bevy of policemen about to go on duty, filled the room with their chatter. No one paid the slightest attention to her.

"Hey, sister. C'mere!"

She moved in the direction of the voice, though the man's neck-tie would have been an equally good guide. Its owner occupied a chair propped against the wall.

"Pardon me," Miss Amanda begged nervously, "but are you Officer McPherson?"

"Now, lady, who's askin' these

questions—me or you?" A hand appeared from somewhere and removed a large, unlighted cigar from the man's mouth.

"Reckon I can talk better without this thing," he said. "They won't let you smoke in this office, but you don't feel quite natural without a cigar takin' up some of the tooth space." He grinned, disclosing a cavity where two front teeth belonged.

Miss Amanda's face shone with admiration. "I'll venture, sir, that you are a detective," she said. "Did you lose those teeth in service?"

"Nope. Fell down the stairs once, when the spirits in the stummick was stronger than the soles on the feet. There's no sense in stairs anyway. Say, have you ever been interviewed, lady?"

"Why—ah—no."

The man had taken out a notebook. Miss Amanda gasped. He must be from the press!

"You've prob'ly been wondering who I am. Well, I'm Terry Fox, the old news-hound himself! You remember the Vandetti case? I practically solved it, only the police wouldn't listen to me. I still think they got the wrong man. But you can't expect these dumb police to do any better."

"I suppose not," sighed Miss Amanda.

"Suppose! Well, after you've been one for a while, you'll find out. This 'women on the force' idea is just plain nuts if you ask me!"

"Indeed, sir!" Miss Amanda's spirit rose. "It is an acknowledgment of the equality of women's rights!"

"Women's rights, baloney! They just read in the paper that New York had women police; so they figured Carrington's gotta have some, too. Well, at least it makes a story for the **Messenger**. This police department's awful stingy with stories. I've been

AH SO BEAUTIFIED

*I begged you to unhook your gown,
To brush your tresses loosely down,
And said that though the sculptored art
Of paint and powder was quite smart,
The simple more appealed to me
Than artificiality.*

*But oh! when I perceived you thus,
Devoid of calculated fuss,
With fallow freckled skin, once fair,
No eyebrows, and what's worse, no
hair—*

*I cursed reality and swore
To scorn cosmetics never more.*

—Frances Jones

hangin' around this office twenty years waitin' for a good story to break."

"Miss Wary!" There was a tap on her shoulder, and Miss Amanda looked up to see a tall man in uniform. "I'm McPherson," he informed her. "I have your instructions."

Miss Amanda rose hastily. "I guess I must go, Mr. Hound—ah, that is, Mr. Fox. My mnemonic devices aren't working so well."

"Huh?" Terry Fox looked startled. "Well, thanks for the interview," he said, closing his notebook and pulling out his cigar.

Police work was not so exciting as Miss Amanda had hoped. Usually she was sent on juvenile cases, or left as office-woman in charge of the desk. Terry Fox often sat nearby and told her his criminal theories that the police were too dumb to understand.

It was in the midst of one of these exciting theories that Miss Amanda looked up and found her Past staring her in the face. Professor Montgomery! She blushed and looked down at her toeless sandals. She had bought them in a moment of frivolity, of joyful recklessness. But what would the professor think? He was coming toward them. Nemesis! Miss Amanda writhed in her chair. Thank goodness she had taken off that new hat!

"Good morning!" she said briskly, hoping that he did not notice the tremor in her voice.

"Why, Miss Wary—as I live and breathe!" He stopped, in confusion.

"Whatever are you doing here?" Miss Amanda asked nervously before he could ask the same thing.

The professor grew more ill at ease. "Research," he said faintly. "My book, you know. **The Criminal Mind.**"

"Oh, yes!" Miss Amanda brightened. The professor need never know about her wild escapade. "I'm doing a little research, myself," she told him. "Juvenile cases, you know. Most interesting."

"No doubt; no doubt." The professor turned and looked inquiringly at Mr. Fox, who was chewing his cigar and regarding them suspiciously. "Is that one of your case studies?"

She nodded eagerly, then stopped. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Oh, no. He just assists. You see, he—well, he is interested in theories."

"Hey, Montgomery!" It was Chief Hardy calling.

The professor started. "I—I'll have to go," he said.

"You're due at the corner of Lime and Cherry!" Chief Hardy shouted.

"Probably another case for research," the professor explained over his shoulder as he left.

"What's all this about research?" Mr. Fox wanted to know.

Miss Amanda laughed nervously. "Why, I just told him that," she said. "I didn't want him to know I'm on the police force."

"Yeah? Well, I don't see why. He's on the force, too."

"What?" There was amazement and disbelief in her voice.

"Sure. He's worked here since last week some time. I know a feller who says he's the absent-mindedest guy on the force."

"Yes," Miss Amanda admitted, "but he has his mind on such important things."

"Yeah? I'd like to know what's so important that it would make him arrest the sheriff for carryin' weapons?"

"Did he do that?" Miss Amanda exclaimed. "Poor boy! He probably forgets to take his pills, too."

"Yeah?" Mr. Fox retaliated with his favorite expression. "Well, personally, I don't think he's cut out to be a policeman. Police may be dumb, but they've got to have **some** sense. That guy would make a better college professor."

All her study in psychology could not help Miss Amanda in understanding the professor these days. At Partisan College he had been just a plain person. Here he was a man of mystery, like the Panther Man in **The Scarlet Shroud** (a book Sister Agatha said she shouldn't read)! Why should he leave Partisan College for a job on the police force? (It never occurred to her that she had done the same thing.) And he was more radical, too. Why the other day he had seen her in her new hat and remarked how well she looked! Miss Amanda's neurones tingled. She had

forsaken romance for excitement—and had found both!

Her delight was complete when, one morning, she walked into the police station and found a bona fide mystery. Mr. McPherson was all upset. Chief Hardy was a miniature hurricane. Even Terry Fox had left his chair and was tiptoeing about the room, poking tentatively into every corner for clues.

"Wh-what's the matter?" faltered Miss Amanda.

Terry Fox stopped near her. "It's nothing for a woman to be worryin' with," he muttered. "The police records have been stolen—all the records since 1910! I could tell those dumb cops the guilty parties right now, but they won't pay any attention."

Miss Amanda's face was pink with excitement. "I know!" she proposed suddenly. "You tell me your suspects and I'll go and arrest them!"

Chief Hardy, hearing her last words broke in, "Don't worry about this, Miss Wary. All you have to do is keep the desk."

"That's just it!" Miss Amanda wailed. "I want to do something! I'm tired of being suppressed!"

She was still sulking when Terry Fox offered to explain his theory of the case.

"This is no ordinary job," he said. "It was done from the inside!"

Miss Amanda's eyes grew wide. "How do you know?" she asked.

"Well, there's always police in the building. And the records are locked up. And nobody but the police can get into 'em. See? It's probably one of the new members that stole the records. The gang could have put a stooge on the force specially to do the job!"

"Why, Miss Wary! Still busy studying cases?" The professor had entered the office and was nodding pleasantly to her and Mr. Fox.

Miss Amanda smiled as bewitchingly as possible. "Yes, indeed!" she replied. "We were just discussing a case. And how is the research progressing?"

"Fairly well. I have decided that the criminal mind should be studied from many different angles."

(Continued on page 14)

Scribes' Page

THESE ARE YOURS

*The warmth of a smile,
The hand of a friend,
A sunset from God,
A small gift to send;*

*The faith of a child,
The birth of a thought;
Can heaven give more
Than earth's forge has wrought?*

—L. W., '39.



INVICTUS

*Bury a sea-wave.
Say to it "Rest."
The soul of a Viking
Rides on its crest.*

—A. P., '40.

SCENE

*The sullen red of girders frames the
dusky sky,
And orange smoke of furnaces flares up
to scorch the night.
Silent on their tracks the rows of idle
freight cars,
Silhouetted like a city skyline,
Blacken the fringe of lurid light as
Here in solemn chorus sing
Strange voices, breathing lullabies
Into a sleepy steel mill's face.*

—M. G., '39.

WRAITH

*Something very old and very lovely
Came to life today
Like a wind-brushed violin string
When I looked across the bay.*

*Something very old and strangely lovely,
Poignant and long since lost—
Nameless back today in a single flash
Of watered blue and trees wind-tossed.*

—A. P., '40.

PILLORY

*I could stand in the rain forever
And lean on the lonely sky,
Cut by a razor-wind,
Mocked by a dead dream's cry;
Shrouded from heat and houses,
Frozen to pain and hate,
Scalded by clouds unseen
And the silver sun of fate.*

—L. L., '40.

NIGHT

*Bending from the sky with hands
outstretched,
God of the ages drops a wreath of peace
On furrowed brows. The diamond stars
entangled*

*In the night's soft blowing hair are joy
Unending. Every shadow bears the form
Of unseen beauty, and the silent voices
Of the dark make symphonies of brutish
Themes the day has muttered in its heat
Of turmoil. But man, hungry for the
glory
Of himself and seeing not the God
Of arching skies, yet feels his wreath of
peace
At eventide and sees the dreaming stars.
Forgetting all the wealth of men, he
takes
This gift and bows to God in gratitude.*

—M. G., '39.

KNIGHT ERRANT

*A strong wind blew from unknown lands
Into the torment and fear of the night.
It must have come from love's own hands
For it was strong as a stirring psalm,
And left behind a tender calm.*

—D. S., '39.

FEATHER IN HIS CAP

(Continued from page 5)

reached a wall where surely the elevator must be. He slid along against it until his fingers passed over something that must have been the elevator button. But it had not rung. He pushed it again. Then he remembered. The electric current had been cut off. That meant the elevator wouldn't be running any more tonight.

Slowly he realized that he was shut up in the dark on the third floor of a museum. Wasn't there a way he could get out? Surely someone—He began to shout. "Oh, curator—er—janitor! Isn't somebody—Help!" He couldn't think of anything else to say and began to yell meaningless syllables. At last he stopped and listened. There was an echo—and then silence. The significance of that silence beat its way into his brain. Nobody heard. No one was there.

In this wide, dark room he was alone except for the hundreds of creatures whose voices were muffled because their throats were stuffed with—

What was that noise—that slight scraping sound like the claw of a bird moving on the twig of a tree?

With an effort William pulled his thoughts together. Perhaps if he went to the window and called, someone might hear. Surely he wouldn't have to spend the night in this place! He began the long, slow journey back. Half way he stopped.

Where was that dead owl? The owl he had left lying on the floor in a pool of blood? He looked about him carefully. Near the end of the table a crystal-like sparkle caught his eyes—water or foaming blood or—No, no. Of course not! It was only bits of broken glass. Broken eyes. Broken—

Suddenly on the table in front of him gleamed other eyes—red eyes! The lurid eyes of the least bittern. He could almost see it stretch its scrawny neck.

William began to tremble. He crept shakily between the tables. He dared not touch the edge now. There would be bird claws there to clutch his fingers, and then the legs would pull loose from their feathery sockets and hang limp in his hands—their scales scratching against his skin.

Above him he heard a soft whir of wings. The hawk was flying! Little chirping sounds came to his ears—then clucks, throaty screams, and a wild beating of wings. A thousand phosphorescent eyes glittered through the dark. They moved nearer, circling about him. Now the wings were flapping against his shoulders, beating on his cheeks. Long sharp beaks and short hooked bills snapped savagely at his ear. Claws began tearing out his eyes, and suddenly there was a thunderous boom! The least bittern, grown to the magnitude of a dragon and still gulping in beakfuls of air, was swooping—open-mouthed—upon him.

With a wild scream he jumped across a table and tore through the miniature forest, brushing against feathered bodies and knocking them to the floor. The tinkle of the glass of the broken bird cages was lost in the heavy crash of the plate glass window as the terror-stricken man hurled himself through it to the ground fifty feet below.

* * *

Several weeks later William, swathed in bandages, propped himself up against his pillows while he talked to Uncle Tim, who sat opposite him. At the foot of his bed lay the proof of a drawing. It was the least bittern—standing on spidery legs, gawky and scrawny and eying the world with a curiously inane air.

"Tell me, Uncle Tim," began William, "now that I can stand to think of it—just what did happen to me that day at the zoo?"

Uncle Tim looked puzzled. "The zoo?"

"Yes. You know, when I was about three and the angry macaw flew at me and pecked my ear. It **was** my ear, wasn't it? I can't remember."

Uncle Tim was silent for a long minute. Then he said, "No, you wouldn't remember—because it never happened. I told you that on the telephone because I wanted you to see the peculiar characteristics—the **fearful** aspects of the bird. It's my contention that any object, before it can inspire artistic workmanship, must be associated with some emotion—love, fear, hate, pity—it doesn't matter what. . . . This least bittern of yours is marvelously done."

Exchange

BETH BELSER

Someone should give Julia Sewell, editor of the Agnes Scott magazine and her staff a big bunch of orchids for a splendid job of remodeling the **Aurora**. They have made a strictly literary magazine, which was a little too literary and rather stuffy into one that should appeal to everyone on the campus. In the fall issue there is an interesting argument, pro and con, on the subject: Should the United States Receive the Jews Expelled from Germany Through Nazi Persecution? A story by Sophie Montgomery called "War" is realistically gruesome but well worth reading.

From the **Messenger** of the University of Richmond, we recommend the prize winning story entitled "Murder in the Mountains" by Otto Whittaker. The story is well written, has good atmosphere, and plenty of action. The block prints illustrating the story are excellent. One of the best descriptions we've read in a long time is that of an ugly Negro by Paul Saunier, also found in the **Messenger**.

In the **Phoenix** of Emory University is a beautiful, fanciful piece of work by Paul Atherton called "Transcendental Incident." It sounds like Wordsworth interpreted in prose.

The **Miscellany** of Mary Baldwin College is consistently a good magazine, and the December issue is up to the usual standard. In this issue is an excellent review of the much talked of novel, *Rebecca*, by Daphne Du Maurier. There is also one of those "screwball" quizzes, of which this is a sample:

What does F. O. B. stand for?

- () a. Foreign Office Bureau
- () b. Full of bologna
- () c. Freight on board
- () d. Florida or bust

Random lines that strike our fancy—

"Today is the tomorrow you were afraid of yesterday—and all is well."

—G. S. C. W., **The Corinthian**

"I realize that life has to be worn or it becomes dusty."—Richmond University, **The Messenger**.

Beyond The Turn

ALICE PRICE

NEITHER night nor sunset shadows can blur the dull solidity of one part of Linton. But if, about twilight, one turns right instead of left at a certain crossroad and walks, a hidden gnome town with a nameless, gnomish beauty will appear. The moonlight strikes the rows of weathered gray houses silver against the dull gold of a sage-grown hill, and crooked chimneys send black smoke drifting up among the oak branches into the clear sky. Crazy, tiny houses these, with shaggy shingle roofs and ragged patches, and never a sign of paint; houses with little clean-swept yards, and flower beds bordered with snuff

boxes that shine in the moonlight. From the open doors firelight and the smell of strong meat frying come out into the small, twisting streets as the women start cooking supper. Men swing down these sandy streets with their empty lunch buckets, humming snatches of songs. The buckets flash dully and the songs are vibrant parts of the stillness.

It seems there is nothing harsh nor ugly in the world right now: just shadows from the huge oak trees, and funny silvery little houses, and twisting streets. Tomorrow Pete, who has wandered sadly home to cook supper for himself and his three children, may walk down the road with a buggy whip and beat his wife until she

comes back to him. "All she needs is conquerin'," he mutters gloomily to himself. Tomorrow Cain, stepping so jauntily in his new suit, may be dead of a knife thrust. Uncle Andy may sit lonely on the step of his cabin, staring down at his paralyzed legs and hating the men who can walk off to work, until his hands break the basket he is weaving and he screams out his agony. Minnie, her young head full of the North, may run off with a gay buck who promises to take her there and ends by taking her to a backwoods farm. Anything may happen—tomorrow. But tonight even the children and dogs are quiet, and the oak trees tower over a tiny, fairy town.

Book Review

TOSCANINI and GREAT MUSIC

Lawrence Gilman

Reviewed By LEE REES

An incomparable master of music, probably the greatest musical interpreter the world has ever known—Arturo Toscanini—is the subject of the new book by Lawrence Gilman.

The volume is entitled **Toscanini and Great Music** and its author is music critic of The New York Herald Tribune.

Mr. Gilman himself says of the volume, "This is not a biography of Toscanini. There are other books that deal with Toscanini the man. I am not here concerned with Toscanini's career, nor with his personality as a human being, but rather with his quality as a musician. I have tried to set down the reasons why Toscanini, the re-creative artist seems to me to be unique. I have wanted to make clearer, so far as that is possible, the ways in which his conducting illuminates some of the music that he interprets, and is in turn illuminated by the greatness of the works themselves. This is a book about Toscanini the priest of

music and about certain master-works that he reveals."

The book also constitutes a series of introductions to some of the principal works in the concert repertoire, in which the genius of Toscanini is incomparably displayed.

Gilman discusses in detail how the great conductor does not seek to add anything extraneous to the music that he takes in hand. His only aim is to draw forth, illuminate. He is unreservedly and humbly at the service of the composer and his thought. He does not willfully alter or exploit; he interprets.

Since the music for an orchestra can speak only through the conductor, by way of the hundred executants whose wills and imaginations he must bend and kindle, the author shows how Toscanini transmits to his orchestra his own conception of the meaning of the pattern notes—the recorded symbols behind which one finds the reality of music.

Through a simple, absorbing, yet impressive style this book shows the

uniqueness of Toscanini as he reveals the true character of Haydn, by portraying the depth and sensibility of his music instead of the genial and breezy temperament so generally shown in his compositions. Innumerable examples of his single greatness are told about as he has set forth the music of Beethoven, as he has shown Beethoven's other self, shared Beethoven's directness of approach, and Beethoven's intimacy with that natural world which he adored.

It has been shown further as he has unraveled both the simple and sublime in the works of Schubert; the free and seemingly spontaneous utterance of Brahms's lyrical fervor; the imaginative world of Debussy; Wagner's music as he himself had dared to dream it might sound—these and others are the musical compositions which this great music lover has brought to millions of Americans, and those master musicians to whom Lawrence Gilman has devoted chapters of his latest book.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY

(Continued from page 10)

"Really? What are some of the motivating forces?"

The professor seated himself comfortably. "I believe," he began, that the average criminal mind lacks integration."

"Just my observation!" affirmed Miss Amanda. "Haven't you discovered dissociative phenomena?"

"Of course," answered the professor. "That was to be anticipated. As for the physical aspect, I have almost reached the conclusion that endocrinology merits more credence than has been accorded it."

Miss Amanda looked surprised. "Why, professor!" she exclaimed; "next you'll be telling me that you believe in E. S. P.!"

Terry Fox scribbled something in his notebook.

"Well," the professor was saying in a low secretive tone, "I shouldn't desire that I be heard to make this statement, but I should venture that, ere many centuries have elapsed, extra-sensory perception will be a recognized psychological fact."

"Imagine!" Miss Amanda was duly impressed. "Why, whatever is the matter with Mr. Fox?" she added, as she noticed his wrinkled forehead. "Another theory," she decided. "It must be better than usual."

Terry Fox was strangely silent on his latest theory. Miss Amanda could pull it from him with no amount of coaxing. "You can't fool me," he said, "You ain't as dumb as you act." This was a doubtful compliment, but Miss Amanda accepted it as evidence of an increasing esteem for her sex.

The office was in an uproar. There were examinations of suspects to no avail. A figure seen slinking down the alley behind the police station turned out to be the street sweeper. The results of the day's labor consisted of a collection of clues: a broken shoe string, an ugly stain on the floor near the desk, (a chemical analysis proved it to be ink) and a page from the police records of 1915, evidently dropped by the thief as he made his getaway.

What a day! Miss Amanda pulled on her new hat and walked listlessly toward Chief Hardy's office for any

possible instructions before she left. The office door was partly closed. Chief Hardy must be in conference. She turned away, but the sound of Terry Fox's voice stopped her. Terry Fox in conference with the chief! His new theory no doubt. She tiptoed back to the door and stood there, her ear at the opening. The sound of her name startled her.

"Miss Wary's a very dependable member of the force—an excellent office-woman," Chief Hardy was saying. "It's impossible to believe that she had any part in the theft."

"Why, of course I didn't!" Miss Amanda thought indignantly. So that was Mr. Fox's theory. For once she hoped he would not be appreciated.

"Mr. Montgomery is also very honest," continued Chief Hardy. "Absent-minded perhaps, but honest."

"Now, listen, chief," (it was Fox's voice) "I admit I've been wrong before, but I can prove this! As I said, this Montgomery guy is the inside worker for the gang, see? An' this Wary dame is his moll."

Miss Amanda's mouth flew open. She—the professor's moll! She was trembling with excitement as she leaned closer against the door.

"They've talked together several times," Fox continued. "I've watched 'em. They use a language so you can't understand what they're saying. The pass word is 'research'. They always say that whenever they see each other. I tried to write down some of the code words, but I couldn't spell 'em. But one thing I did get—E. S. P. Just those three letters. An' when this moll said E. S. P., the Montgomery guy got real serious an' started talkin' low like he didn't want anybody to hear."

Miss Amanda gasped. How perfectly ridiculous! Surely Chief Hardy would not believe it. She would have to prove their innocence herself.

Miss Amanda went over to the desk, slipped the key in the lock, opened the drawer, and took a furtive look at the clues. They were not very promising, she decided. Anyone could lose a shoe string, or upset an ink bottle without being a thief. As for the sheet from the records, testing it for finger prints

would do no good. Too many fingers had touched it.

But wait! What was the matter with this sheet of paper? Miss Amanda was aware of a vague feeling of familiarity. She looked at it harder. Suddenly she dropped it and pressed her hand over her eyes. Her fingers were trembling. That was no page from the records! It was merely a copy of a page. And it was no ordinary copy. It was made in the form of a transcription for a thesis. And, worst of all, it was copied in the professor's handwriting!

She thrust the horrible evidence back into the drawer and locked it. None of the police knew anything about theses. The professor's secret was safe with her! She shivered. It was true, then. The professor was a criminal—and she was his accomplice.

The night was a sleepless one for Miss Amanda. She felt herself torn between Love and Duty—that ancient Scylla and Charybdis of which she had often read! Now, she realized, she was a person of deep emotions, no longer the cold, calculating psychologist that she had thought herself.

As she lay there in the dark, she reconstructed the professor's crime, motive and all. He must have been taking notes on the records for use in his book, **The Criminal Mind**. Oh irony! That he should thus become a criminal himself! But she knew how well the professor loved old manuscripts. What a temptation those records must have presented!

"Oh, why did you do it, Isaac dear?" she mourned in the heavy darkness. It was the first time she had ever dared breathe his first name aloud. But now that she had prepared herself to share his fate, surely that privilege was hers! Love had knocked out Duty in the first round.

The sun was streaming into the office windows. The little birds were singing on the window sills. Oh, how could they be so happy when there was such sorrow in human hearts? Miss Amanda jumped guiltily as she heard her name called. She looked up and just averted the eyes of the Chief.

"I have a job for you," he said hurriedly. "Now, I've got a lot to do, and I can't be bothered with absent-

minded policemen. Montgomery's in jail."

"In jail!" Miss Amanda reeled. So they had caught the professor already!

The Chief laughed. "I was surprised, too," he said. "I got a 'phone call from the jail and they said they had a guy named Montgomery in cell twenty-one who claimed he was a policeman and didn't belong there. It seems he arrested a man last night. The prisoner got Montgomery so interested talking that he forgot where he was and went to sleep in the cell bed. The prisoner stole his watch and his police badge, and locked Montgomery up in the cell. At least, that's the story."

"Why the poor boy!" Miss Amanda exclaimed. "He needs someone to take care of him."

Chief Hardy grinned. "Maybe you'd do, Miss Wary," he said, "Anyhow, it's your job to go down and identify him. They won't let him go until you do."

Miss Amanda nodded. The chief didn't suspect them then!

"I'm afraid we'll have to get rid of Montgomery," Hardy was saying thoughtfully. "He's such an absent-minded old cuss, he's likely to get us into serious trouble."

Miss Amanda's face brightened; her eyes lost their hollow look. She snatched up her hat with feathers in it and darted out the door at top speed. "Why didn't I think of that before?" she asked herself. "Oh, why didn't I?"

Half an hour later she returned, triumphantly wielding a large brief case. The professor stumbled excitedly in her wake.

"We've found the records!" she announced to Chief Hardy. A dozen policemen surrounded her as she opened the case, and a sheaf of papers tumbled out.

"The records, all right," the chief agreed, after a brief examination of them. "Where were they?"

"Well—" (Miss Amanda was blushing at being the center of attention), "you see, Professor Montgomery got them by mistake."

"Mistake!" Terry Fox spoke scornfully. "What did I tell you? He's guilty, all right!"

Chief Hardy was about to speak, but Miss Amanda, taking the initiative, turned defiantly on Mr. Fox. "You hush, you egocentric monomaniac!" she blazed.

"I think Professor Montgomery can explain for himself," she added

THE SOLITARY CROSS

We walked along that night on a shell-torn battle field,

And Sandy told us of the glories of the war.

And so, the cool air feeling good, we wandered aimlessly

Until the creeping morn stole a little higher up

And lighted with a ghastly yellow all the field around.

We saw then atop a hill, a little farther on,

A solitary cross—and it was black against the moon,

For it was stained with death.

And we went closer and saw the ground, Now strewn with white and naked bones,

Where once brave men—living men— Had stood and breathed God's air.

A cloud passed over the moon and bitter rain came down;

We started home, and as I turned for one last look,

I saw against the moon the cross,

Still black, with moonlight dripping from it,

Moonlight running down the cross bars As if it could softly wash away that stain.

—Winnett Turner

with dignity, rather embarrassed at her recent outburst.

The professor was flustered. "Why, there's nothing to explain," he said. "You see, I am engaged in writing a—ah—psychological treatise on the criminal mind. When I heard that your force was admitting new members, I perceived a chance of making expenses while I was on leave of absence, and at the same time having access to the police records—a valuable source of research."

"Research!" muttered Terry Fox. "There's that word again."

The professor continued. "The other evening, I finished my transcription of the records. And upon my word, I thought I had returned them to their accustomed place. I put my notes in my brief case, of course. I had not perused them since that evening until Miss Wary brought up the matter a few moments ago."

"You see, he is entirely innocent," Miss Amanda declared. "He is only absent-minded."

Terry Fox was plainly disgusted. "Not a story in twenty years!" he muttered, returning to his cigar.

The police were snickering, but Chief Hardy was grave. "Miss Wary," he said, "I wish to congratulate you on your fine work on this case. But I am forced to ask Mr. Montgomery to resign his position. We cannot have incompetence on our force."

Miss Amanda beamed. "That's all right, Mr. Hardy," she assured him. "Isaac would have to resign anyway, so he can write his book." She blushed as she said 'Isaac.'

"We have just one favor to ask of you," she continued, taking the professor's arm for moral support.

"Yes," the professor asserted, clearing his throat. "A matter of much importance. One never realizes his blessings until they are removed for a time. Thus I came to see the true worth of my able assistant, Miss Wary. It seems that a man of my—ah—preoccupied manner—should have some one of strong character to protect his interests. My friends, congratulate me. I have found that person!" He bowed and turned to Miss Amanda, who was blushing beautifully.

"I have discovered" she explained, "that the extroverted life is unsuited to my personality. We shall return to the sheltered life of Partisan College. But, before we leave this life of excitement, we wish to leave a memento of our presence." The shyness of her introverted nature crept into her face.

"Would it be asking too much," she wondered, "for you to record our marriage in the police records of 1939?"

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